HERO SHOT ZINE

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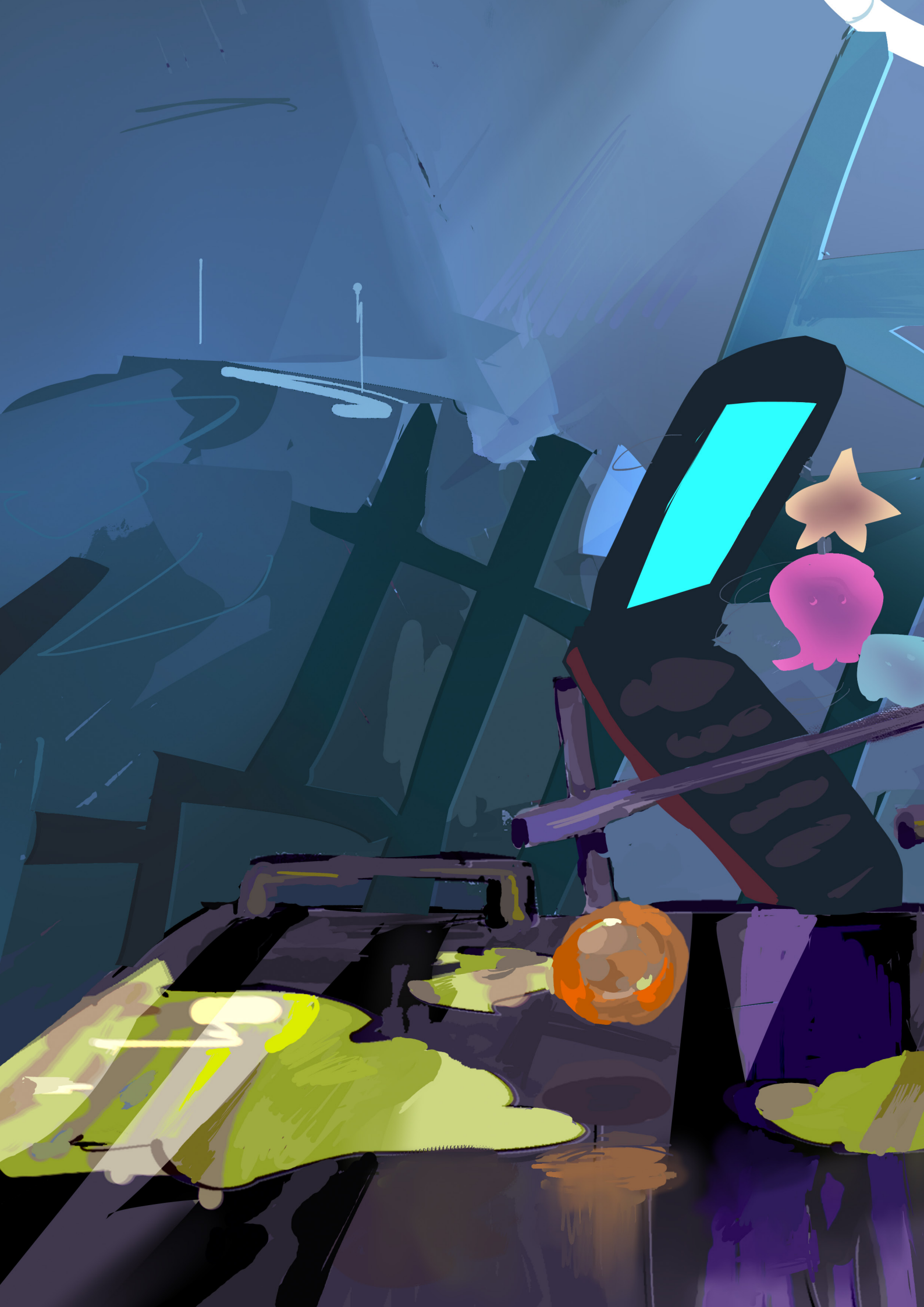

ПЮБРИО

HERO SHOT ZINE

SQUIDKIDS

INKOPOLIS'S LEADING NEWSPAPER SINCE 1865 M.E.

THE PRESS

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RUN AFOUL

Agent 3, a little on the broke side, decides to sign up for the local shifty job everyone calls 'Salmon Run'. Fighting an army of ferocious fish definitely isn't above her skill level, but the true difficulty lies with her teammates - as one of them seems to have recognised her as the New Squidbeak Splatoon's most fearsome agent.

By RecedingTides
Staff Writer and Artist

In the midst of the foggy ocean, a lone boat creaked its way through the waves. It bobbed nauseatingly to and fro, and the engine growled a threat to the enemies waiting in the depths. The air was thick, held a fishy stench far worse than any octarian dome, and every breath felt like inhaling a lungful of microbes.

No squid enjoyed travelling by water, and Three was no exception – but she could fight off the seasickness, and even the ominous atmosphere hovering over this vessel like a foreboding raincloud. It was the mandated outfit bothering her the most; the rubbery overalls didn't fit properly and felt like they'd been worn by a million others since they last saw the laundry. The condensed splashdown specials being attached to her hat, of all things, felt unnatural and heavy. Today's headache had started the second they cast off the dock.

Was this really what squid kids did for fun these days? Three was only here because it paid better than turf war, and she didn't want the pressure of ranked. From a glance, it seemed her agent skills would be well suited to the business everyone referred to as 'Salmon Run'.

Already, she was starting to have her doubts… but Eight ran shifts here occasionally, and she'd heard Four did, too. It was probably fine – and she refused to be outdone by Four.

The boat ride felt like an age, and Three's desired silence was constantly interrupted by one of her teammates. Every shift was a group of four, and one of today's was a guy whose Grizzco cap contained his spiky hair but not his outgoing personality.

He kept trying to prompt conversation, and had so far given up on everyone except one other squid; a slightly older-looking inkling who seemed the most at ease here, suggesting he was a regular at this job. Three made no attempt to socialise, accustomed to working alone and wishing she could do this job that way, but there wasn't much else to look at besides the water out here.

Their fourth teammate also remained quiet. She was an octoling girl, who sat stiffly with a nervous expression, and either shrank away from or hadn't processed the extroverted squid's few attempts to talk to her. The few times Three glanced in her direction, she realised the octoling was staring at her; the stranger would quickly snap her gaze to the floor of the boat instead, hair curling inwards in a way Three had learned signalled unease.

Judging from the reaction, this octoling recognised her as Agent 3. This was going to be an awkward shift. *Let's just get this over with so I can get paid.*

After a torturous voyage, they finally neared the ruins of Ark Polaris. Massive chunks of debris protruded from the water here, a sight that reminded Three of the fractured NILS statue and made her dislike this place even more.

The four cephalopods were soon superjumping through the sky, landing on separate corners of the multi-layered structure in the centre.

All the weapons provided were old and worn, but bugged with technology allowing them to be scrambled between waves – or taken away, which was a scary thought – and when Three's first-wave weapon appeared in her hands she was almost thrown to the ground by its unbalanced shape. Great! Of course she would get the roller, Four's favoured weapon, immediately. At least he wasn't here to witness her flailing around with it. There was a splattershot in today's pool of weapons, but it had fallen into the hands of the loud inkling boy.

An angry mob of pan-wielding fish burst from the water below, marking the beginning of their first wave. Three quickly realised she could disperse much of the crowd by rolling her weapon across the ground, and chose this as her directive until the sturdier cohocks blocked her way and tried to take a swing at her. Her previous doubts were beginning to fade, as the fight went smoothly in their favour. She didn't need much more than her own skills and knowledge from the pamphlet provided beforehand, although by the time the salmonids retreated into the ocean to regroup, Three's arms ached a little from swinging the roller around. How did Four do this for hours on end? Clearly she needed to work out more.

Mr Grizz's voice crackled from a speaker on the ship, anchored a safe distance from the action. He greedily praised them for the full basket of eggs they'd collected. Three hadn't asked what he wanted them for before agreeing to this, was sure he wouldn't give an honest answer if she did, and decided not to think too much about it. Instead, she spent her few seconds of breathing time looking around to check on the state of her teammates; the loud inkling boy looked full of energy still, the older one remained calm and unreadable, but she didn't see the octoling girl until the four of them superjumped back to their starting positions.

Thinking back, Three had barely seen her during the fight. She must have been putting the work in, though; there was no way they'd have done so well with one of their teammates missing.

That octoling was definitely avoiding her, then. Hopefully that wouldn't be a problem. It was easier if other people weren't getting in her way, right?

In the seconds leading up to the mixing of weapons, Three tried her best to send out some mental splattershot-summoning energy. What she got, instead, was an even *heavier* weapon tossed into her poor aching arms.

An E-liter. Scoped. Oh, wonderful. All of a sudden, she regretted never asking Marie for a lesson in chargers. Even *holding* this thing felt weird and clunky. She was going to have to try and stay back and hope she could manage to hit her targets from a distance. It couldn't be *that* bad.

She did, out of suppressed spite, glance around to see which of her teammates had been given the splattershot. It was only visible to her for a second, in the hands of the octoling, before the nervous girl noticed her glance and quickly dissolved into cephalopod form to hide in the orange ink at her feet. The splattershot was similar to an octo shot too, at least, so an octoling would know how to use it. Thinking that way made Three slightly less bitter as she painted a line of ink across the ground, using her limited time to adjust to the scope.

The enhanced vision it gave was immediately covered by small floating lights.

"Ah, shoot," Three muttered under her breath as the glowflies swarmed around her.

Even the clouds above darkened ominously as the ravenous horde of fish burst from the sea, eyes wild. There wasn't time to worry if these little glowing bugs held some kind of parasite to cause that behaviour; Three had to focus on trying to take out as many salmonids as she could with her poor aim.

The older inkling seemed to know what he was doing, but the rest of their team was scattered about the platform, and that did them no favours. Three tried her best but was quickly overwhelmed, even when the flies buzzing around her decided someone else was more interesting. There weren't proper respawn pads out here, so she ended up spending most of the wave as a puddle of ink in a life ring, and burnt through both her splashdowns on the rare occasion that she wasn't.

Their team held out for a while, but eventually the spiky inkling was splatted alone on the far side of the platform. The older guy hopped onto the ride rail to go and help just before Three went down, following another missed shot. *I really don't like this weapon.*

That left her here with the octoling, who soon noticed the sorry clump of ink hopping around nearby. She turned in preparation to revive her teammate with the splattershot she had been so generously given – and then froze.

She'd realised the person she was about to respawn was Agent 3.

Her hesitation lasted a few moments and a fresh torrent of frenzied salmonids came crashing over her, splatting the poor octoling within a second.

Oh dear.

Fortunately, the one inkling still alive had realised everything now rested on him; he hopped back onto the ride rail for temporary safety and used a splat bomb rush to clear out the salmonids and revive his fallen teammates in the process. With an entire mob of salmonids after him, he was splatted as soon as he reached the end of the rail, but the rest of the team was up to fight off the remaining few fish as the glowflies dispersed into the lightening sky.

Three, slightly frazzled from that wild wave, looked on as the octoling swiftly put some distance between them, going to revive their saviour. He gave her a disappointed look as he respawned, and muttered what sounded like 'don't hesitate next time'. The octoling didn't meet his gaze.

Knowing how close they'd been to wiping out in that fight, Three realised she was going to have to do something if she wanted them to succeed – and, more importantly, get the bonuses for this shift.

Praying the glowfly infestation wouldn't return, her first objective upon superjumping back to the starting positions was to go and speak to that octoling. She forgot, at first, that a weapon was about to materialise in her hands, and startled when it did – of course, *now* Mr Grizz was polite enough to give her the splattershot. She didn't think that was going to help.

The octoling saw her approaching, gun in hand, and let out a terrified gasp, clutching the E-liter she'd been given, almost trying to hide behind it.

"I'm not going to hurt you," Three said quickly, keeping the splattershot pointed firmly at the ground, even though it couldn't harm someone currently sharing her ink colour.

Eyes wide, the octoling shivered.
"But you are—"

Three shook her head, quickly glancing around to make sure the others didn't overhear. "I know. I'm just here to do Salmon Run, though, alright? I promise." When the octoling didn't seem assured by this, Three gave a small sigh, holding out a gloved hand. "...Faye."

"Huh...?" The octoling flinched away from her gesture, but her tone sounded confused more than scared.

"My name. It's Faye." Three shrugged awkwardly. "If that helps."

A silence met her words, made worse by the splashing sounds as salmonids began to rise from the water – but thankfully, the octoling soon reached out a wary hand to shake hers. "Ibis. That, um, my name be."

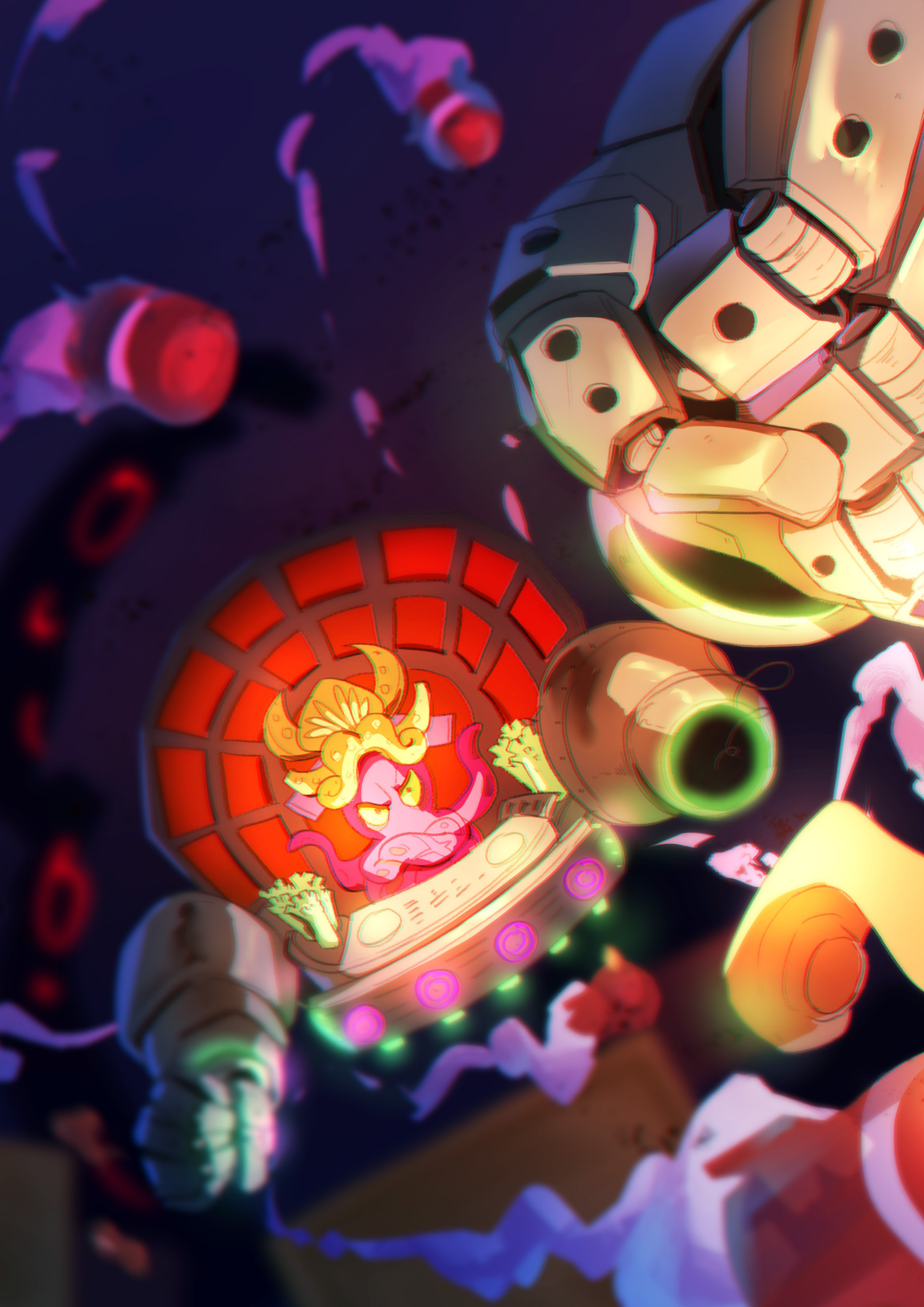
"Ibis," Three repeated. "Pretty name." Her comment brought a shy smile out of the octoling.

With the air cleared, the final wave went even smoother than Three could've hoped for. Ibis was in her element with an E-liter – she sniped a scrapper out of Three's path and grinned when the inkling gave her a thumbs-up – and everything felt right in the world now that Three had the splattershot in her hands. They ended their shift far above quota, with the loud inkling beaming his unused stingray into the sky to celebrate, which Three spared a laugh at.

They jumped back to the ship, arriving to the cheers of Mr Grizz, who was definitely celebrating their gains rather than them. As they began to trundle their way back to the shores of Inkopolis, he gave a new announcement; "anyone who wants another shift, stay on the boat when we get back."

Ibis was watching the lifeless speaker with a thoughtful look, pressing her gloved fingers together. Three, deciding she did not feel completely terrible after that first shift, gently tapped her arm. "You wanna do another?"

The octoling blinked in surprise, but her expression soon gave way to a smile, and she nodded confidently.



FRESH IMPRESSIONS

Is Three a super fresh secret agent? Check! Does Three have backstage tickets to the Squid Sister's concert with a meet-and-greet? Check! Can Three keep their fellow agents from knowing what a dorky fansquid they are? Um...

By EikaPrime
Staff Writer

Photo by SuperEmeralds
Staff Artist

The *millisecond* Agent Three of the New Squidbeak Splatoon reached their apartment, they flung themselves on the bed. Sure, they're exhausted, but it's more than that.

Agents One and Two are the Squid Sisters. They'd been talking to the Squid Sisters over the headset for the past MONTH.

Three couldn't focus on that when dealing with the Octobot King, aside from a brief uncontrolled *thrill* that shook all their tentacles when they started singing Calamari Inkantation. Three took care of that with a ten-second solo squid party, which they *prayed* the Squid Sisters didn't actually notice.

Three rolled over, giggling to themself, and flung their limbs like starfish to shake them out, equal parts stretch because squit were they gonna be sore tomorrow and just. The glee has to go *somewhere*. Sunday, they'd get to actually meet their fellow agents in person. Tomorrow, they would rest. And then Friday—

Three sat up in horror, about sixteen muscles protesting because *Friday was the Squid Sisters concert*.

They couldn't fan out over the Squid Sisters if they're coworkers! There had to be a law or something, that'd be *seriously* unfresh. But Three had a *backstage pass*. They could get an *autograph* after the concert. They can't give that up!

Three grabbed one tentacle and chewed on the end as they thought. There had to be a way to get that autograph without the Squid Sisters knowing who they were. And then, when they meet in person as agents for the first time on Sunday, Three will be cool as a sea cucumber; calm as a sleepy starfish; fresh as, well, the Squid Sisters themselves.

Or *almost* as fresh. No one was as fresh as the Squid Sisters.

Concert Rules

In order to ensure the safety of our performers and all attendees of the venue, anyone attending our performances agrees to...

Three skimmed through all the info about presenting tickets, staying in your section, no outside food or drink... there it was. Updated that morning, even.

To ensure the safety of our performers, no outfits or costumes that omit identity shall be permitted. This includes mascot costumes and other clothes with excess padding or the ever popular gillyweed suit.

And yes, we are also excited for the return of The Great Zapfish, but zapfish costumes are also not permitted.

Well.

Three glanced behind them, at the fin arm-loops and gills and giant oversized head with holes for looking out through the nostrils.

There went that plan.

"What do you *mean*, you don't sell the power mask?" Three demanded. "I *need* that power mask!"

Annie flinched, but Moe swam in their face. "Need or no need, bub, that thing is *hot*. You want it? Be prepared to do some legwork."

Three gulped and took a step back. Moe was *way* too intimidating. "You—you mean I have to talk to that—" their voice cracked, and they mentally scolded themself, because that was *seriously* unfresh. "The alleyway guy?"

Moe snorted and swam closer, backing Three up until Three was pressed against the display by the door. "You want that, you've gotta earn it, kid," he said. "And lemme tell you, the squid who sells it? You'd best be ready for a kraken hard time."

Three decided they didn't want to know.

When Three reached the venue, the ticket taker looked them up and down. "So you know, unless you have a medical permit, you won't be allowed backstage with the gas mask on," the lobster said. She clacked her claws on the ticket, marking it, and handed it back. "It's too easy for someone to get away with things and meld into the crowd after if we can't see their face. It doesn't go with the rest of your outfit, anyhow: you're all dressed up with that shirt and tie, and those great blue slip-ons."

Three ducked their head and scrambled for a lie. "But I can't be seen by the *Squid Sisters* with *acne!*" That seemed logical. No secret agent fansquid here, not them, nope.

The guard's eyes softened. "Tell ya what," she said. "Concert's not for another three hours; you're earlier than a hungry anglerfish. Go home, get some make-up—yes, make-up, if you don't shift it won't wear off—and come on back."

Three walked away in shame. Once outside, they stuck one tentacle in their mouth and chewed it as they thought. Was there *anything* they could do to go unrecognized?

The small backpack made it with them through security, and the concert was *such a bop*. Sometimes, they were sure Callie was speaking directly to them—which was silly, no way she could see them clearly with all the bright lights on stage. But then it was time to use their backstage pass and go meet them.

It was time.

Three opened their backpack. First came the fake contacts; they decided on fire red for this. Next, on went the snorkel mask. They adjusted the snorkel dangling down until it wouldn't get tangled, and then pushed their tentacles inside the blowfish bell hat they bought just for the occasion. When they checked in the mirror, they grinned in pure triumph. They barely recognized themselves; no way would Callie and Marie!

Then they ran to the door with the guards around it, and pulled out their ticket. That same lobster clapped a claw on their shoulder. "Knew you could cover it up, squiddo," she said. "But... oh, you squids. Is this what's considered 'fresh' now?"

Nope. But that was okay. Callie and Marie would never know it was *them* being this seriously unfresh. Not with their tentacles hidden and their eye color so changed, and the mask! That was genius.

The tour of the dressing rooms was the *freshest thing ever*, and they almost bounced as they asked if *that's* where Callie did her make-up, what sort of sodas did Marie keep in the mini fridge, oh squids that bulletin board was *covered* in fan art people sent them, *COULD I TOUCH THE MICROPHONE?*

Yes it was, squiddycola, they took the best art home with them, and no.

When the tour was over, they got to meet the Squid Sisters. Callie and Marie. Three took a moment to stop before the door and took a deep breath, in, then out. Their tentacles were secure up in their hat, their diving mask hadn't slipped. It was time to meet their heroes.

"Other person's left," said the guard escorting them. She pressed a claw to their back and pushed them forward.

There they were. Marie, leaning back in her chair, elbow propped on the table, sucking soda through a straw; Callie, seated next to her, scribbling in a notebook. They both looked up when Three entered, and Callie's grin was wider than any they'd ever seen.

"Hey! Welcome to the autograph room, sit down, how'd you enjoy the concert?"

Marie sat up. Her smirk made them think of angels. "First time, squiddo? I'm surprised to—"

Callie elbowed her. "Ignore her, she gets cranky after the first five meet-and-greets."

Three took the free chair. They stuttered their way through their name, and saying how much they loved the concert, and they loved the Squid Sisters, while the two of them exchanged looks.

"Almost been five minutes," Marie commented at last. "Come on, squiddo, let's take a pic together."

Three would deny squealing until the end of time. Callie and Marie stood up, called in the guard, and told Three to hand over their phone. Callie and Marie handed over their phones, too—Three knew they were gonna delete the pictures as soon as they were taken, they just wanted to be nice, make it seem like this was for their fans. It worked.

The two moved on either side of Three. "We'll do our 'stay fresh' pose on the count of three," said Callie, "and we want you to pose with us!"
"Any pose you do will be fine," said Marie.

Three couldn't stop smiling. The lobster counted to three, and they jumped and crossed their arms as they flung them in the exaggerated arcs of the Squid Sister's classic Stay Fresh pose.

The lobster grinned as she handed back their phones.Three checked their picture: *perfect*. "All right, your visit's over," she said. "Come on, squiddo. Time to get out of here."

"Bye, Callie," Three said, still beaming. "Bye, Marie."

"See ya, squiddo," said Marie, but Callie grabbed them and pulled them into a super tight hug, and when she let go and shooed Three out, Three couldn't stop smiling.

Best. Day. *Ever*.

Three straightened their hero suit before going down the drain. Time to meet their fellow agents. They had to remember: right now, Callie and Marie were *not* the Squid Sisters. They couldn't afford to fan out.
Cap'n was waiting for them.

"Afternoon, squiddo," he said, tapping his bamboozler on the ground. "Didja sleep okay?"

No. Three was too excited after the concert. They did fall asleep eventually, but woke up *wired*, and played an hour of turf trying to make that wear off. "I did okay, Cap'n. Are Agents One and Two here yet? I'm looking forward to finally meeting them." Good. That sounded good. Profreshional, collected, calm. *Not* a fansquid, not them.

Cap'n chuckled. "I'll introduce you ina minute. I've got a new photo on my board that I want you to see."

Another conspiracy? Or, no, maybe Cap'n found another old one. He had plenty of Callie and Marie when they were just inkblobs, pictures that Three was privileged to see. They didn't need Cap'n to encourage any further before they walked over to the board and examined it and... oh *no*.

Dead center of the board. Callie and Marie posing in their Squid Sister outfits. Between them was an inkling, jumping to be taller, with red eyes and a diving mask, tentacles shoved into their hat, posing with arms crossed.

Oh squit.

"We thought it'd be great to keep a picture of the first time we met," said Callie behind them, and they whirled. While Three was staring at the picture, Callie and Marie had come out of the cabin.

Three's mouth opened and closed while they tried to come up with words.

Marie didn't help. "That's quite an outfit you've got on," she said, nodding at the pic.

Finally, Three found words. "I—I didn't want you to recognize me," they mumbled, looking at the ground. "You—you shouldn't have to work with someone who, who... you must think I'm so unfresh."

Someone threw an arm over their shoulders. Three flinched and looked up an inch to see Callie grinning at them. "You're adorable," she said, and gave them a squeeze. "And you're *absolutely* fresh."

Callie thought they were fresh? "Really?"

"Of course, squiddo," said Marie, waving one hand. "You're one of our fans. *And* you were considerate enough to consider the whole 'may not wanna be fanned over' thing. That gives you bonus points."

"Come on inside," Callie said, steering them; Marie followed. "We've got crabby cakes. It's gonna be a party."

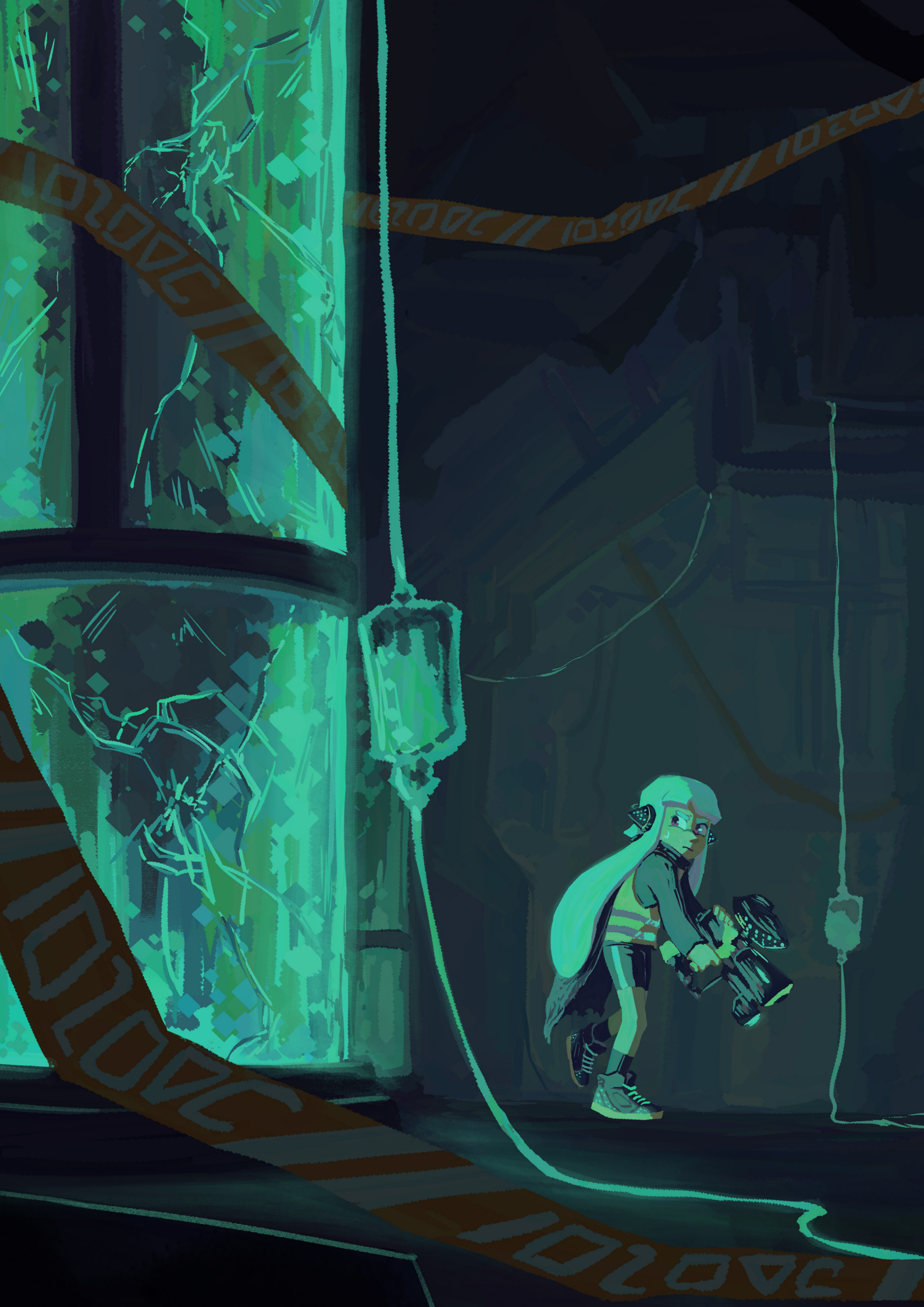
Three couldn't believe it. This was the best, the best, the BEST ever. But... "If, um, if you knew it was me... can we take down that picture? I look stupid."

Callie paused and looked back at Marie.

Marie flung her own arm over Three's shoulders, on top of Callie's. "No," she said. "In fact, we're gonna hang onto that. Show it to every agent who joins after you for the rest of forever."

Oh *no*.

Still, as Three was led inside, they couldn't help but feel things could've been a lot worse.



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INKOPOLIS PLAZA

A planned stroll through the old plaza for nostalgia's sake does not go the way Agent Three expects. However, she might still find something she didn't know she was looking for.

By Shoko
Staff Writer

Photo by Abby
Staff Artist

The metal around Agent Three creaked and groaned in protest as the inkling traveled through the pipe in her small squid form. This one she hadn't used in a long time, and boy did it show. It was rusted, and quite shaky, and the noises coming from it were starting to make her *slightly* nervous. Still, she was already inside, so it wasn't like she could change her mind now.

Finally, a light came into view in the distance, rapidly growing closer as she approached the exit. Mere seconds later, her body shot out through the grid, and she landed in front of it with practiced ease and an extravagant little flourish for nobody but herself. With a motion that was more habit than anything, she shook off the residue of ink that still clung to her body, before finally taking a look around her.

Agent Three had landed a little ways away, just behind Inkopolis Tower. The Captain had told her to use that entrance, instead of the one right by the tower, after their first few missions together. Something about not wanting anyone to get too curious or having strays wander in.

It didn't bother her either way, as she didn't mind the quick walk from here to the plaza. Always gave her some time to let her mind wander without the noises of inklings around her.

But, Agent Three hadn't visited the tower in a long time. Even before the whole Deepsea Metro debacle, she hadn't found any time to drop by and play a few matches for fun. Always going on patrols, or writing reports, sometimes part-timing if she needed some extra cash. After all, she would rather run into a roller headfirst than let Callie and Marie help her out with money. It was a matter of pride and principle.

Also, she knew that at least *Marie* would bring it up if she wanted Three to do something later.

Three grimaced to herself, but quickly shook off her thoughts, excitement to see the Plaza after all this time putting a swing into her steps. It really had been too long since she visited. She quietly hoped to spot some old familiar faces among the Turfers, maybe have some quick chats with the folks running the shops. Well, some of them. Sheldon ran the shop at the Square now, Crusty Sean had his food truck, and Spyke was always hanging around in that café. But she hadn't seen Annie and Moe in ages, and even though they weren't close, she kind of missed the odd duo.

Perhaps she could even stop at the place where Callie and Marie used to hang out, even though they wouldn't be there anymore. It was still a nice bit of nostalgia.

As she turned into the Plaza, she expected the usual hustle and bustle of the area, the chatter of inklings, comparing their battle stats and bragging about their recent endeavors.

Agent Three was met with silence.

The plaza was empty, devoid of the life she was used to. Three almost expected a comically large tumbleweed to roll past her.

Stepping forward cautiously, she took a sweeping look around. It really felt like she had stepped into the wrong scene. It was like she had somehow tumbled into the wrong dimension. Hell, after what happened in the metro, that didn't even feel too farfetched.

For now, she assumed that she was still in the right space and time, though. Slowly, she paced across the Plaza, turning in circles. It really was empty – even the shops were dark, all plastered with large 'FOR SALE' posters.

Even the tower lay dark, the familiar sight of the Great Zapfish curled around it missing.

That was the thing that made her jolt, like the memory suddenly struck her. The Zapfish resided at the tower at the Inkopolis Square now.

She looked around the Plaza. Apparently the creature wasn't the only thing that had moved. With it, the entire population of the once bustling Inkopolis Tower and its surroundings had migrated to newer, greener pastures. Which, Agent Three assumed, were Deca Tower and the Square.

Her suspicions were confirmed when she walked closer to the old Ammo Knights shop. It had a large poster taped to the inside of the door. There was a very, *very* long paragraph on the history of the shop before it finally mentioned that they were moving to the Square at the very end.

Three snorted to herself about Sheldon. It was nice to know that at least some things never changed.

She looked around again. Had it really been such a long time since she came here?

There had been so much to do – help Agent Eight settle into her life on the surface, and, following that, all the other octolings that had started to come to the city soon after. Writing reports on the Metro. Going back down to explore what was left of it, write reports on *that*. Help Agent Eight with gathering the rest of her mem cakes.

Train Agent Four, even if the inkling insisted she didn't need it. (She did, and she would not escape if Three had a say in it. And since Marie had left the training of their fellow agents to her, Three did in fact have a say in it.)

Then there was her own training. And patrols. And the side jobs she liked to do.

The realization gave her a start. It really had been a while, even before the Deepsea Metro. She had been so caught up in her duties for the NSS that she had barely taken time for herself.

When had she stopped being a carefree squidkid and started to only be Agent Three?

The Plaza wasn't the only thing that had changed, she thought.

She started on another, slower, longer round through her old territory.

The shops first. She remembered how excited she had been when her levels had gone up, when she was finally allowed to purchase new clothes and weapons. Now she didn't remember the last time she held anything other than the hero shot. The last time she didn't switch between comfort clothes at home and the hero suit and cape for duty. She used to work so hard on having good gear for her battles at the tower. Were any of those even still usable?

Her steps carried her away, towards the studio where Callie and Marie would often relax between their news segments. The three of them used to hang out all the time, not just as coworkers, but as friends too. When was the last time? How long ago?
Too long, probably.

Nowadays, she would just throw a quick greeting towards the two idols when they were chatting by Cuttlefish Cabin, before getting on with her patrols for the day. Sometimes she would roll her eyes at Marie's pleas to wash her cape.

Maybe that was Marie's way of telling her to take care of herself. It wouldn't seem out of character for her.

Or maybe she really did just think that Agent Three stank, which didn't sound like Three's problem, quite frankly.

Maybe she should stop by the two for a quick chat more often.

Again she moved away, towards that shady little back alley where she spent way too much time and money and precious sea snails.

Man, even *Spyke* was gone. Three had seen him hang around in that little café next to the tower. What was he even doing there?

She heard from Four that some little kid took up Spykes mantle. Allegedly, he didn't even hide and sit in an alley like a cool guy! It was literally just some kid right in front of the tower, who played Squid Jump on his phone all day!

Then again, Grizzco was right there by the Square and no one who mattered seemed to care either, so they probably would care much about some slightly shady business with washing Turf Gear even less. Man, did anyone in this city care about anything?

…when had she become so cynical?

She arrived back at the tower and surveyed the Plaza once again. It had changed, and not for the better. And maybe, she thought, neither had she. Three had changed a lot from the girl that had come to Inkopolis so long ago, full of life and energy, looking for a purpose, something to drive her forward.

She had found that, in the end, but now she wondered if that had been a good thing.

A gentle breeze swirled across the Plaza, making leaves and dust dance around her, while gently ruffling her cape.

Three gave the Plaza one last, nostalgic look, before turning away, back the way she came. The wind grew a little stronger, blowing her cape forward now.

Maybe she had changed. Maybe the world around her had changed. But even if that was the case, did it truly matter? She still had all the time in the world to change again. Agent Eight would probably say something wise about growth now, but she wasn't Agent Eight.

She was the great Agent Three, Hero of Inkopolis, and she *refused* to fear something as simple as *change*.

As she walked back to the pipe she took to get here, she pulled out her phone, and, with just a little hesitation, pulled up her contacts.

"Hey, Four?" she said, a smile on her face. "Remember when you said you wanted to introduce me to those new weapons at Deca Tower? I'd like to take you up on that offer…"

@Abby_Splat

GØ

COMMUNICATION ERROR

Three's not too big on Inksports, and Four... well Four's not sure *what* Three does in their spare time. After making a pretty reckless bet, they learn they both need to talk to each other way more than they do.

By Exhostar
Staff Writer

Photo by Morgan.pdf
Staff Artist

Three goes silent while turfing—something Four picked up on, the few days they've been leaguing together. It's as if they're back in the Valley on a mission, head down, chasing the fray, no questions asked. She finally began to understand why they were so lauded by everyone in the Splatoon.

They were truly a silent killer, flying down from above or sharking from below, finishing off Four's chipped enemies with a single swing of their brush. If she was honest, they were a little too quiet, often catching Four off guard and screwing up her momentum.

Though they didn't talk, it's not like they didn't listen to their teammates. Cap'n, and even One and Two all had a go at playing mission control for them, after all. Three just had a funny way of responding.

Four pointed it out one day, after Three had flash-stunned an opponent during a heated encounter on the Tower, and was promptly booted from the scrim. She'd been keeping an eye on it for a while, how expressive Three was with their tentacles, but it definitely came to a head when the poor dualies kid was stumbling around dazedly after the match.

Three had flushed up pretty quickly, trying to hide in their shoulders.

"Marie always made fun of me for it," they'd explained sheepishly. "That I would give away my position because of how brightly I glowed when I got stressed."

"She's kinda right," Four laughed. "But I can work with it. Your signals are useful, actually." She elbowed them lightly. "Maybe don't blind people, though. I don't care if it's only temporary."

Three's face scrunched in a pout. "Yeah you know what? Marie *is* kinda right, because even *I* can tell when she's glowing all over *you*—" and that was about as far as they got before Four punched them in the shoulder.

And it's so subtle, but Four looks a little closer, unpicking every confrontation they had. When she asks if Three has their special ready, they flash a sky blue negative. Dashing away from a dicey encounter and Three asks if she's okay in a deep royal purple. Four knows they're out for splats when they flush that dark, blood blue.

What a fascinating squid.

The two had made a deal: Three tries out inksports, and Four does some freerunning. After their triumph over some mid-level tournament's Losers Bracket—a pretty damn decent placement for a first time turfer—it was finally Four's turn to bat.

She'd been practising drills as often as Three would join her turfing, so she was far from physically unprepared. She'd managed to scale some pretty sizable buildings, actually, with their encouragement.

Most manoeuvres weren't even so different from the movement tech she could pull out on the turf without second thought.

So why was she so completely *terrified?*

She masked it with some idle talk and dumb jokes, cutting through the silence of the walk down. It was admittedly fascinating to see Inkopolis Tower and the Plaza—she hadn't been in town during the height of its popularity, after all. Three was animated as they described the trucks brought out during Splatfests for Callie and Marie, how they loved to come for the atmosphere even though they hated inksports. Four poked fun at them for hopping down a storm drain after some sketchy old man. At least *she* had the enticement of wanting to know why this super pretty super-idol was lurking in the corner of the Square.

Three only stuck their tongue out and unceremoniously yanked them down the grate.

Octo Valley was so… different, yet just the same as the Canyon. Even just briskly passing by, it was obvious how old the place was. Unmaintained for years, and all the tech so outdated by modern standards. Miles ahead of inkling science, but the place didn't have a single ride rail in sight. The Canyon just had some level of sophistication that was lacking in the very rough, very *earnest* Valley.

It was a pleasant surprise to hear running water. The waterfalls down distant cliffs were oddly calming.

After a couple rails, they seemed to finally reach where Three was excited to lead her. Four had to suck in a breath.

This area of the Valley was all concrete and steel bars and rusting rebar, nothing but verticality, like the abandoned construction site of Babel. Sheet metal catwalks connected platforms that encircled the central tower, with a network of deactivated inkrails winding around the area. Four had to crane her neck to see the top.

The tip of the spire—it must be five, six storeys up; honestly, she was barely sure she could super jump that high—held a tiny dais, and the kettle of the Octowhirl. Spiralling downwards, outwards, it almost looked like a tiered cake. Surely navigable by ink, but that went against the very nature of their visit. Unfortunately.

"Getting second thoughts, huh?" Three asked with a chuckle, and no bite whatsoever. Their words were laced with soft concern, even. The two had a deal, but comfort came first.

Four sneered back. "Yeah, you wish, Sploosh main." The insult was a little limp.

They gave her a small smile, seeming a little unconvinced. She could only stare, when they took her hand in theirs, holding it up and closing their eyes. The green of their ink gave way to Four's own highlighter hue, a sharp fluorescent yellow. Then they let go, wordlessly, too quickly. It was weird seeing Three with her pigment.

"Right then, need a quick demo?"

They turned away too easily, as if it were nothing to scale a tower so utterly monolithic, to straighten their back and steady their breath. Their eyes trailed up, ears flicking at the slightest rustle of leaves, and they stepped back, scouring the area. There was no deliberation, nothing that she was feeling—Three was focused entirely on the route ahead.

With a little nod to themself, they broke off running.

Three had disappeared to the side, dashing up a ramp like it was nothing. It wasn't nothing. It was about as steep as the ones in Arowana. But gravity seemed to elude them anyway, and they sprung off the top to clutch a steel beam support.

The way they shimmied up it was a little less graceful than she was expecting, but considering how gangly their limbs were, she supposed she could forgive them. Especially with how fluidly they swung over the top and how they used the movement to sprint across the platform without breaking their momentum.

They leapt from the edge, pushing off with their back foot. They plunged downward like a sinking *stone*, and Four couldn't even think to shout something or *anything* out before they shot out a liquified hand and sunk it into one of the anchor points of the inkrails.

She blinked, and then blinked again. *You can do that?*

Using the velocity of their dive, they swung in a perfect arc, releasing at the right moment to land feet-first onto the penultimate tier of the tower. They squatted to take the brunt of the impact, and took a second to steady themself, and also to shoot a cheery grin down at Four.

Not gloating—they were just so sincerely *excited.* Four had to chuckle, offer an exaggerated thumbs up in lieu of words they wouldn't be able to hear.

They were in the final stretch now. Four sidestepped to be able to see them scrambling up rebar grids, and she distantly hoped they had a tetanus shot.

With their hips, they swung onto the grated catwalk, and then onto the dais, like they were climbing a ladder, if the rungs were two Threes apart.

She swore she could see their heaving chest from below. She was feeling a little breathless herself, and maybe a little woozy. What had she signed up for?

They called something out, but they were too far for Four to hear. The nerves were finally starting to catch up to her—now they couldn't even communicate. But then she saw their short tendrils flush a deep purple.

Four had to grin despite herself. They really didn't skip a single beat. *'You okay?'* The colour asked, before returning to their shared yellow.

She wasn't very good at this, not as good as Three seemed to be. Maybe it had something to do with her lack of bioluminescence, but she managed a warmer yellow. *'Affirmative'.*

But something must have caught—obviously not in her voice, but somewhere. Three flashed their purple again, a little light fizzling in their bulbs.

Four breathed out, exasperated.
Of course they'd check in with her, but she just… hated it anyway. The motion of her head looking the tower up and down was enough—she didn't have to admit it, did she? But she flashed a clumsy azure. *'Unable'.* Only for a second. She crossed her arms, cracking her beak.

Damn, that sucked. She wasn't the type to wallow in self-pity, but it was still embarrassing to stand them up like that.

But she was knocked out of her thoughts by a blur of yellow forming beside her, by the shrill note of an activating inkrail.

Her head shot up. *'Affirmative'.*
Or maybe, *'It's okay'.*

Damnit. She really couldn't be annoyed, not at them. She blinked as she tried to articulate a response. And, failing that, she simply just took the line.

Three looked a little sheepish. They still seemed to be steadying their breath. "Sorry, I really didn't realise how…" they gestured vaguely with their hands, "this place is."

Before she could begin to placate their worries, they babbled on, "Seriously, Four. Like, don't feel bad about this at all—I know what your pride is like, don't look at me like that—you're like, way better than me at anything else—"

"Three," she tried, too familiar with the way they took things to heart.

"—and honestly? I really look up to you Four, you're way cooler than—"

"Three." They finally looked up.

With a little shrug, Four said, "Y'know, I look up to you too." Three gave them a disbelieving, puppy-eyed look, as if it was so crazy for them to be at all interesting or notable. She might just be exasperated from her recent personal shortcomings, but it was annoying how little they thought of themself, all of the time. "Seriously. Don't give me that."

"Yeah but like, why?" Three mumbled, almost petulant. "I mean, you and Eight are actually skilled. The only thing special about me is that I did it first."

"Oh, shut up." Four grumbled. "C'mon. Sure you're no turfer, but—"

"And don't just say I'm good at jumping," Three protested. "Like that's ever helped anyone."

"I was *going* to say that you're always in control. Even when you have no idea what you're doing, you can figure it out on the fly."

They met her steady gaze through the corner of their eye. She shot them a smile. "Sure, you're a little weird in a team situation, but you've more than enough skill to carry through the stiffness."

She nudged them slightly. "With how you look out for all of us, I'd say you'd be better as the leader," with a gesture towards the rail.

Three followed her gaze, and Four started to worry as they kept their eyes trained ahead. "You… really think so?"

"C'mon," she laughed, easily. "As if I'm the type to say stuff just to make someone feel better."

They still seemed hesitant to even just nod, but at least they were looking at her now. Four leaned closer, with a smirk. "I just wanna mention, your *'jumping'*," emphasising the phrase with a roll of her eyes, "kind of did stop Eight and the Cap'n from getting blended into biomatter. So I'd say it's helped at least, hmm." She mimed counting on her fingers. "Two people."

It was Three's turn to shove her. "Shut it, you." But they were finally smiling again, falling gently into the other's shoulder.

lilowoof
I'M GAY FOR MY BOYFRIEND
Beep Beep

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SAFE AND SOUND

Agent 3 finds herself neck-deep in Octo Canyon. Marie's hesitant to send their newest recruit into battle without any idea what they're up against, but Three is up to the task. However, what should've been a simple reconnaissance mission doesn't go exactly as planned.

By Aidyr
Staff Writer

Photo by Vice
Staff Artist

The sun is beginning to set, disappearing behind the horizon and illuminating a silhouette of octarian architecture. Steel beams tower overhead and industrial *cling-clanging* echoes off the canyon walls.

Three is deep into Octo Canyon, running solo reconnaissance for Marie who, in her words, *trusts Three to scope things out for the newbie*.

She'd been running herself ragged doing errands for Cuttlefish, whose demands were erratic at the best of times. Three had to guess the old man's mind was leaving him, but she respected him too much to dwell on it longer than necessary — she dedicated herself to him and the Squid Sisters, and was ready to carry out their assignments.

She only wishes they could've given her a better idea of what she'd be dealing with. After packing light and heading into the fray with no more than a day's rations and one Hero Shot, she hadn't expected such dense octarian activity.

But that's my own fault, she silently gripes, *I should always be prepared for anything.*

Hunkering down, she's covered by an overhang in the rocks and shielded by the abandoned husk of an octostomp. It's not one she's ever fought before and looks different than the one from the valley. She wonders if it's a rejected prototype. *If so, Four has a rough time ahead of them.*

Deciding it's time to move out, Three prepares her escape.

That is, until a murmur tickles past her ear. She peers out from behind the discarded octostomp and sees a frenzied group of octarians. They're led by an octoling elite, who's barking orders like her life depends on it. It's an intriguing sight to say the least, and seems too important to ignore.

She steps further from her hiding spot, trying for a better look.

Their voices are hushed and Three barely knows their language. She cocks a brow and squints at the group, trying to decipher a modicum of information from just their body language. That's a tall order though, and she's not able to garner much.

Any information is better than nothing. She'd be able to tell Marie the troops are mobilizing. To what end, she couldn't say. But it could be a good idea to train up Four a little more before catapulting them into the action.

Three readies herself to leave.

Then… She trips over debris.

A curse tumbles from her mouth, just as she tumbles to the floor with a loud *thud*. The octarians go silent and Three knows she's been spotted. *Of course, just my luck.* She hasn't any time to sulk about it. Ink starts flying.

Octoshot blasts ricochet off rocks and metal, leaving puddles and splatters of bright, oozing purple ink. Three is ruthlessly outnumbered, leaving no choice but to run. She pushes herself to her feet and sprints down the nearest path, dodging and ducking the enemy ink whizzing by.

Only then does she reach for her Hero Shot and realize it's gone.

Well, sq—

The world blurs and the familiar sound of enemy shouts cloud her senses. It's exhilarating and urgent, and everything she's ever trained for.

One of the octolings hit their mark, and a cold burst of *ouch* seizes her left shoulder. It leaves her hissing through her teeth. She peers back to see if she's being pursued.

She trips over her own feet.

Today just isn't her day.

This time, the fall sends her flying down a rocky decline. She only has enough time to cover her head, duck, and roll. She's able to minimize injury. It's a rough fall though, stretching on for so long she thinks the universe is taunting her for a lapse of judgment.

Luckily inklings are rather durable.

By the time she stops rolling, she has just enough time to discern she's not being followed. There's ringing in her ears, like the clatter of metal coins, until consciousness escapes like sand through her fingers.

Three comes to with a scratchy groan. She's sore, but very alive, which is good.

The sun has long vanished, painting the sky with spilled black and speckles of shining stars. There's no telling how much time has passed, but she's sure Marie is wrapped up with worry — the *'I'm not worried, what makes you think I'm worried, I'm too cool and collected to be worried, Three is great at her job, YOU'RE worried'* version of being worried.

Three sits up, wincing at an ache in her back. She pats the dust off herself. She grumbles and thinks about her next course of action. Her stomach gurgles loudly.

I left my bag behind, Three petulantly realizes, and *I think I was out of rations anyways.*

Her only solace is knowing this was all in service of making Four's first dive into the canyon as safe and informed as possible.

Her stomach roars again.

"Okay, okay." She scolds her own hunger. "I'll feed you once we get home, quit whining."

But of course, that doesn't do much to sate the need building in her guts. She bunches the fabric of her shirt into tight fists.

Another productive day for Squidbeak's best agent.

Clatter from behind a nearby rock interrupts her self-pity. She snaps into action, again reaching for a gun that isn't there.

The noise gets closer. Her brain alerts her to *danger! Danger! Danger!* She stumbles back, eyebrows pinched. "Get back!" She warns with a piercing bark. "I'll shoot!" It's a weak bluff, but she's scrambling to buy herself time.

Her warning goes staunchly ignored. Her guest peeks its head from behind the rock and…

It's just one little octoball.

"Oh…" She says aloud. She remains on guard. The tiny octarian could have backup. It waddles a little closer, eye wide and pleading, rather pitiable, really. Three realizes she hasn't seen any of its kind anywhere in the canyon. Her shoulders relax.

The octoball kicks its little feet, seeming pleasant and excited. It says something. Three can only understand *safe!*

"Safe?" She echoes, head tilted. "*I'm* safe or *you're* safe?"

The octoball babbles something else, then ducks behind its rock. Three's eyebrows climb higher. When it reappears, it's carrying an apple in its mouth.

Three watches, engrossed, as the octoball shuffles toward her. It looks bashful and maybe a little scared. Three would be scared too, if she were in its shoes. When it stands mere feet in front of her, it drops the apple at her toes.

Three blinks slowly. Her brain is playing catchup to reality. "Is this for me?" She asks, pointing to the discarded fruit.

The octoball nods.

"Oh." It's all very awkward.
She's incredibly unsure of herself,
but kneels for the apple regardless.
The octoball looks at her expectantly.

Unwittingly, Three pictures the hoards of octoballs she's personally splatted over the years.

She doesn't take a bite. Not yet.
"Are you alone?" She asks.

The octoball stares vacantly.

"Sorry, uh…" Three sits down. She gets as comfortable as possible on hard, cracked dirt. She drags her finger through the dust, drawing a clumsy, juvenile attempt at an octoball. Next to it, she draws a question mark.

Her apple-provider makes a warbling noise of understanding. Its tentacle sways, emoting something Three can't exactly make sense of. She decides she feels safe, at least.

A moment of anticipation passes between them. The octoball is looking at her like Li'l Judd when he's craving attention.

Relenting, Three brings the fruit to her mouth. Her large upper fang pierces it with a wet *squelch* and sugar-sweet juice runs over her tongue. She hadn't realized how parched her throat was. Her stomach flips with gratitude.

She drums her fingers against her leg. "Um, thanks." She mumbles. Flustered green ink pools at her cheeks.

She assumes the octoball says *you're welcome.*

"So…" Three looks toward the sky and sighs at the abyss staring back. "Guess I'm spending the night here." She'd rather not stumble around enemy territory, injured, in the black of night with no clue where she's going.

Eyes narrow, she points at the octoball. "You're not gonna wait till I'm asleep to call reinforcements, are you?"

She knows it can't understand. But she wanted— no, needed, to voice the possibility for her own peace of mind. Now, if she wakes up in a cold cell, she can say to the universe, *I called it.*

The octoball sings and sways.

Three quietly finishes the rest of her apple. It's delicious. It'd settle her stomach long enough to sleep off the rest of her hunger.

The two sit in silence a while longer. Three watches it dance around all silly-like. She twiddles her thumbs. It's clear that the octoball prefers her company to whoever else occupied the canyon. She was lucky it'd been the octoball who found her, she supposes.

As the night draws on, despite her unfortunate nap earlier, fatigue encroaches yet again.

With no hope for further conversation, Three finds the most comfortable looking rock to lay her head on. She's had worse in the field. She can deal with it.

What she isn't prepared to deal with however, is the octoball teetering up next to her. She bares her fangs and makes a shooing motion. "Hey, hey no," she warns, "I said thanks for the apple. Now skedaddle."

The octoball's bottom lip hangs loose and its eye becomes large and misty. It whines.

Three chews the inside of her cheek. Something in her hearts is melting, and she doesn't like it one bit. "Okay. Fine." She turns her back, but allows it to stay. "Only cause you're alone out here. Don't want you getting gobbled up by a rogue salmon or whatever."

The thought occurs to her though, *why not?* Her ink runs cold. There's a heaviness within her, something uncomfortable, something which gnaws harder when the octoball curls up beside her.

Her head hurts too much for this.

The octoball's little voice breaks Three's silence. She can't understand it, but she knows what it says:

Goodnight.

"Mm..." Three closes her eyes. "Goodnight."

When she wakes, her headache is gone. Her limbs are still sore, but that's just what happens when you fall down a cliff. Three counts her stars it hadn't been worse.

The first thing she notices is the sun, large and blinding and warm on her skin. It tingles pleasantly. She remembers where she is and how she got there.

The next thing she notices is her lonesomeness. The absence of another body's warmth. She shoots upright. Head swiveling, she sees nothing but rocks and mud. No octoball in sight.

The fact that she hadn't woken up imprisoned is nice. She tries to feel good about that. It's harder than it should be.

Three sighs.

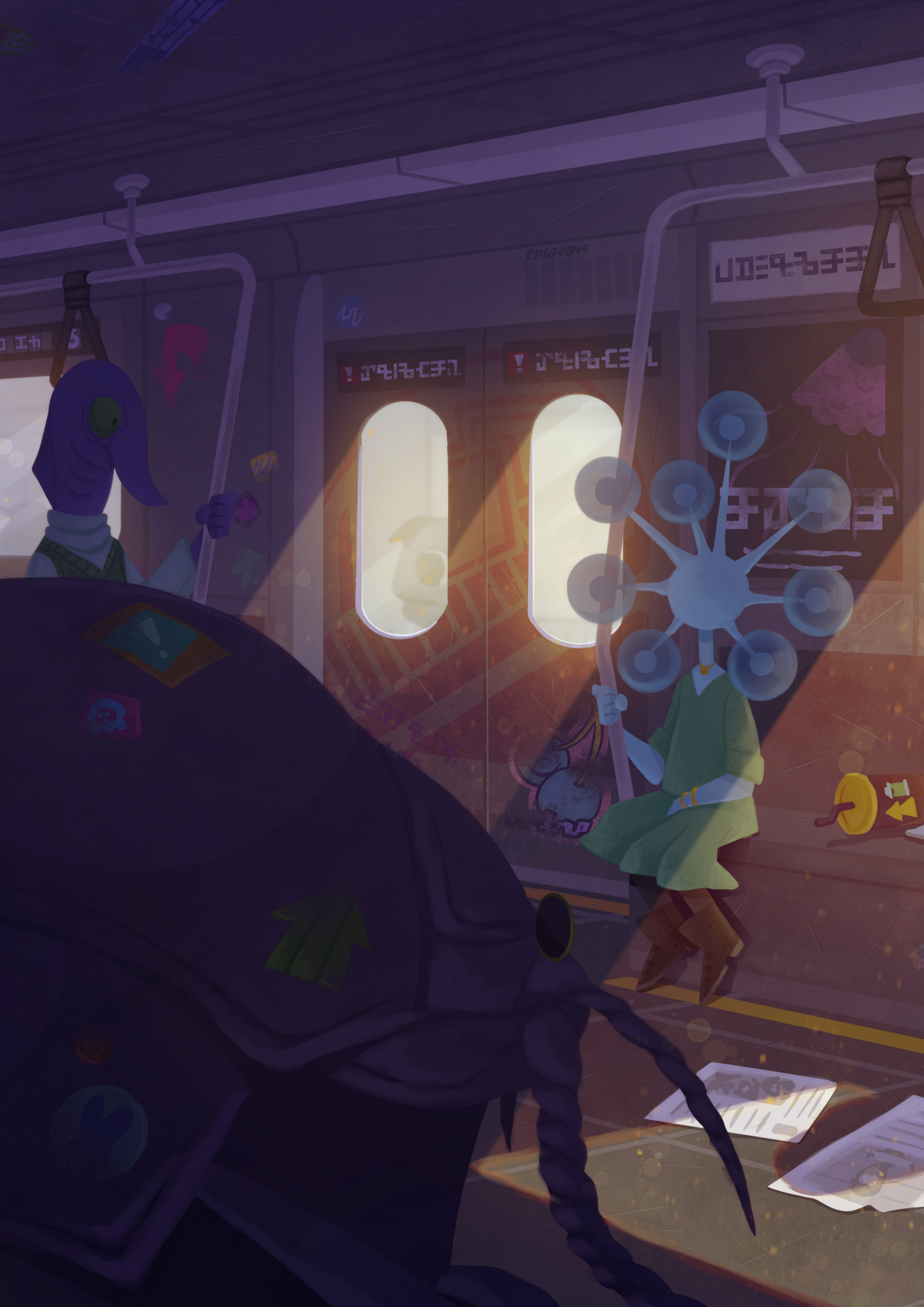
When she moves to stand, something bumps her hand. Laying there, ready to eat, is another fresh, juicy apple.

Three picks up the fruit and inspects it with sullen scrutiny.

She'd definitely be omitting a couple details in her report to Marie.

Three stuffs the apple down her pocket and brushes herself off. She can't wait to get back to Inkopolis. There are icy beverages and a full meal with her name on them.

On her way back to civilization, she casts a thoughtful glance over her shoulder. She allows herself to hope, for a moment, that the octoball is somewhere safe and sound.



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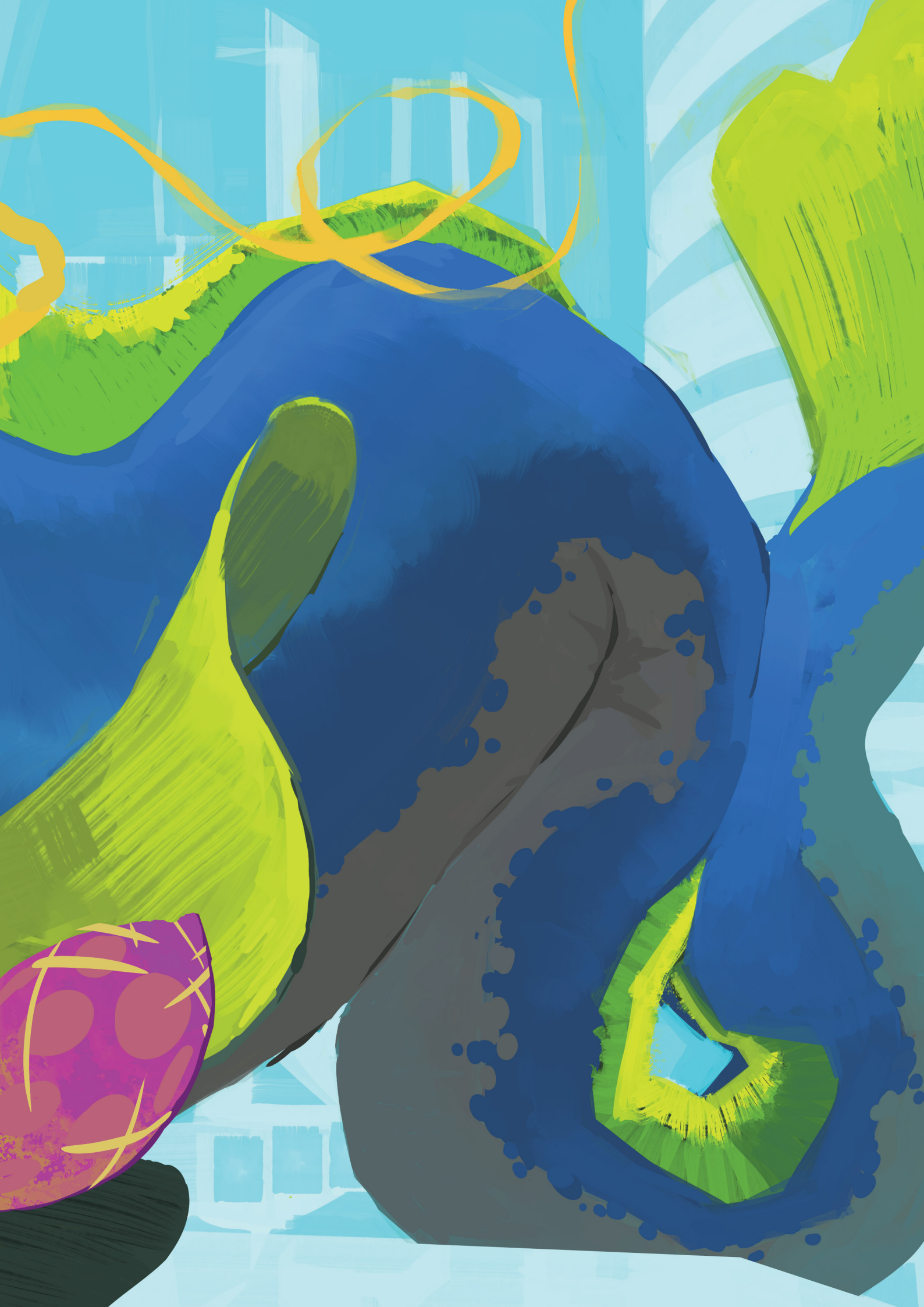

@UntitledSquid

НЕТР
?!?
ГУБЫ

AGENT 3

HERO SHOT ZINE CONTRIBUTOR
2022

ABBY Host - Formatting - Finance Mod

Abby_Splaty
Abby-Splaty

I can't believe this is finally it. Working on this zine has been a passion of mine for over a year now! There was so much thought and love that went into this project and I honestly don't know what I'm gonna be doing with all of my time now that it's over!

I can't thank everyone enough for all the time and love this project received! I could not have asked for a better mod team and I'm really happy to have become such great friends with them! Our contributors were fantastic and I was so happy every time I opened up the zine file because I got to see their incredible creations over and over again!

Seeing how well the zine sold in the shop made me so happy! The environment and our oceans are very important to me and I'm really happy I was able to work on a project like this that can help them! There's going to be a little less plastic in the ocean for our squid and octopus pals now!

ZIPPY Host - Storefront - Shipping Mod

doodahlanding
zipadeeart

There are so many amazing people I got to work with while hosting this massive project, I don't even know where to begin expressing my gratitude.

I'll start at the beginning, with everyone who filled out an Interest Check form. The amount of responses we got shook me to my core. Moral support is so important in a project this scale, and to see so many people interested in a zine centered around one of my all-time favorite characters was truly amazing!

But it doesn't stop there. To everyone who applied to be on the project, you helped make it a reality. It was unfortunate we couldn't accept every applicant we received, as there was so much talent and passion we had to pass up. For those who made it into the project, you were truly the backbone. Hero Shot Zine would not exist without its wonderful artists and writers!

Working with all the mods behind the scenes was an experience I'll never forget! I look back fondly on the day we all sat in a voice chat for over six hours, sifting through an endless amount of contributor applications. The mods were truly set on seeing this project flourish and I truly appreciate that so, so much.

Okay, but let's be real here: I would not have been able to get this far if it weren't for my amazing co-host, Abby! You kept me down to earth at the beginning and made sure this project was very visually appealing and not rushed. I'm so glad you were the one to help me host this zine, I truly don't know how I would've pulled this off without you!

With all the amazing people behind this project, I simply can't thank them all enough! And of course, if you're reading this in a book or on a screen, thank YOU as well!

Stay Fresh!

JINGLE Communication Mod - Promo Artist

Tempikotee

Modding this zine has been an incredible experience and seeing the process of so many wonderful artists and writers was amazing! I'm happy to be part of such a great team! This was my first time contributing to a physical zine, but the other mods were so supportive and cheerful, so I'm honored to be a part of this. Thank you for supporting Hero Shot!

KERRY Communication Mod

k3rryberry
k3rryberry

Thank you to all of our contributors for making such a fun project! It was a genuine privilege to be able to help behind the scenes and see how it all works. BIG thank yous to Zippy and Abby in particular for being awesome hosts and keeping us all on task. Everyone worked really hard to make this happen, and I think it turned out beautiful!

SHADOO Communication Mod

shadoouge
shadoouge

It was such an honor to help out with this zine! The mods and contributors are all so hardworking and passionate. I'm really blessed to have been able to follow the project so closely as a mod and help out wherever I could! Everyone really worked hard to celebrate their love for Agent 3, thank you for supporting the zine!!

KOMA

Communications Mod

koma_prince
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Writer Mod

AddisonNoxy

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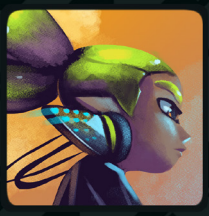

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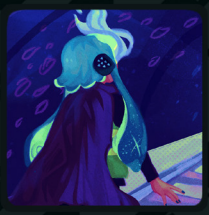
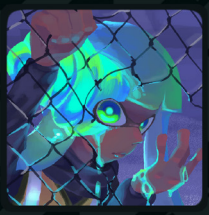


XIN
panstarri
panstarry



SHUDDERZ
Shudderz11

KERRYBERRY
k3rryberry
k3rryberry

MAINAR
MainarArts
MainarArts

BO
kimsangie
kimsangiee

LILO
lilowoof
lilowoof

GH0ST
Gh0st_Wave
Gh0st-Wave

TALAKA
superemeralds
superemeralds

ZIPPY
doodahlanding
zipadeeart

EPICGRAPES
EpicGrapes
epicgrapes_

VEE
Veeloopz
Veeloopz

TORAZI
Tor_azi

COURTESY
thetruecourtesy
courtesycalling

PUNI
punnybuni

LUN
LuntitledSquid

NEIZO
Neizo

MOD TEAM
HeroShotZine
HeroShotZine

AZULILA
azulila
azulilah

SURGE
VastSurge
VastSurge

OYKDON93
oykdon93

CHARLIE
actuallypunny

VICE
viyojo
viyojo

BEEPY
cinnabeep
cinnabeep

RAI
artsy_raimuu
artsy_raimuu

OBI
general__o1
general-o1

KOMA
koma_prince
koma_prince

KOMA
koma_prince
koma_prince

JINGLE
Tempikotee

ZIPPY
doodahlanding
zipadeeart

RUN AFOUL

DOG
RecedingTides
receding-tides

FRESH IMPRESSIONS

EIKAPRIME
EikaPrime
EikaPrime

INKOPOLIS PLAZA

SHOKO
parapluviator
ShokoBean

SAFE AND SOUND

AIDYR
Aidyr

COMM ERROR

ECHO
exhostarr
exhostar

Chazzy

BLU

LunarOwl

Cloudxx09

BLACK

BLU

VICE

TheNub64

Potato

Sidney

KEENGOON

Craic

ALLIE

GSstandard

Chesi

Le Knight

LE KNIGHT

RILEY

HERONIN
TODO
BLUE
Pineflower Art
Talanabi
Meii
CASEY
Pun
SwidEevee
Astrallum
LULU
HERONIN
Kohi
Zestyleaf
BEEPY
Pew
H&RO SHOT ZINE
COMMUNITY COLLAB COLLAGE

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